**Brotherhood**

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# Brotherhood

by amberhan

Summary

'Hello, Hannibal.' - The man said in a calm voice.

Hannibal spent time standing in the doorway of his office, surprised, just looking at the man who was wearing a fine navy blue Armani suit, but nothing like one of the doctor's tailored suits. His face was familiar. *Too familiar.*

'Nigel... what are you doing here?' - Hannibal asked, calmly but clearly not amused.

Nigel smiled and rose from his chair, walked towards Hannibal and stood in front of him, putting his hands in his pockets. They looked at each other for a few seconds, just looking at each other's face. They looked like they were almost in front of a mirror if it weren't for their different clothes and hairstyles.

'I need your help.' - Nigel finally said.

Notes

Hi there! This is my submission for #EatTheRare! I hope it's fine that there is some Hannigram on it, that's why I tagged their relationship, but in this story they are not the main pair, so I hope it's ok xD Some little things for you to know before we start:

- English is not my first language, so I'm sorry for the probable mistakes you may find here,
- This story is unbeta'd but it's already finished, I'll probably change some little things as I post,
- It will be updated daily till the last chapter (5 chapters + 1 Epilogue),

I hope you like it!

# Chapter 1

Chapter 1

7:30 PM. Will Graham's appointment finally marked the clock. Hannibal smiled when he saw it on his wristwatch. It was his favorite part of the day on every Tuesday.

He had met Graham a few months ago, but both created a strange bond of friendship, especially after the unfavorable circumstances related to the case of Garret Jacob Hobbs... especially about Abigail Hobbs. And it provided a light in Hannibal's life, in which, until then, it was interesting, but not as much as now... not as interesting and unique as Will Graham.

Hannibal stood up and walked to the door of his office. He soon remembered the way Will was sitting in the waiting room chair in his last visit - arms crossed over his chest, feet tapping impatiently on the floor and looking down - the doctor smiled at the image, imagining that he would be in the same way, then he opened the door.

His slight smile soon faded from his face when he noticed that Will Graham wasn't in the waiting room... it was someone else. The man who was sitting in the place where Will was supposed to be, was staring absently at the paintings hanging on the wall, and soon realized Hannibal's presence there. He then looked at him and smiled.

'Hello, Hannibal.' - The man said in a calm voice.

Hannibal spent time standing in the doorway of his office, surprised, just looking at the man who was wearing a fine navy blue Armani suit, but nothing like one of the doctor's tailored suits. His face was familiar. *Too familiar*.

'Nigel... what are you doing here?' - Hannibal asked, calmly but clearly not amused.

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'I need your help.' - Nigel finally said.

Hannibal just raised one of his eyebrows slightly.

'I have some business here in America and need a safe place to stay until I finish. And then I will return to Bucharest.' - Nigel added.

There was a brief moment of silence.

'What did you do, Nigel?' - Hannibal asked, going straight to the point, as if he knew Nigel did something to appeal to him that way.

Nigel sighed and looked at the pictures on the wall again.

'I killed some jerks...'

'This isn't new for you...'

'No, it's not.'

'So what is it?'

'They had hidden cameras in the place, I didn't know that... They filmed me and Darko killing them all...' - Nigel said, running his hand on his hair, in which was a little longer than Hannibal's, arranging it back to get the bangs out of his eyes. - 'It turned out that the video ended up in wrong hands. Darko said he will try to negotiate with them while I get what we need here.'

'Here in Baltimore?'

'Yes.' - Nigel said turning to look Hannibal. - 'It just happened that I have a few contacts here in America.' - He said, massaging his neck now.

'I don't like the idea of getting involved in your business, Nigel...'

'You know I can't stay in hotels... I can't put my name on anything while I'm here. Fake ID is out of the question since someone who has the same face as mine lives here.' - Nigel said wryly, putting his hands in his pockets again, saying it as if it were Hannibal's fault for Nigel not being capable of using fake ID's. He was a criminal of Bucharest mafia and wanted by the police of Romania, so it wouldn't be a good idea putting his name out there, otherwise he would probably be tracked. And that would be a huge problem for Hannibal as well.

Hannibal sighed.

'So I presume you didn't come from common flight...'

'I have my own system.' - Nigel said, shrugging.

'Just tell me how much you need, Nigel. I'll pay for this video.' - Said Hannibal, bored, just wanting for that situation be resolved as quickly as possible.

Nigel laughed looking to the side.

'You don't understand, dear... I'm not here to get money...' - He then turned back to Hannibal. - 'I'm here to get guns.'

Hannibal frowned.

'Guns?'

'Yes. I paid for them and I came to pick them up. We have money, but we won't pay for this fucking video... instead we will kill them all and vanish them to never cause problems to us again. And besides... we needed to update our weapons anyway.'

Hannibal sighed and looked away, as if it wasn't a big surprise for him, it was almost as if he was used to such extreme attitude of the newcomer. Hannibal was discreet in his actions, and Nigel was apparently quite the opposite, and also careless, and it bothered the doctor. It would be unwise to have Nigel at his home.

'It's just for a few weeks, I promise.' - Nigel said, noticing the psychiatrist's boredom.

'If I let you stay, I'm afraid you'll regress, Nigel...' - Hannibal said, turning to look at him, as if refering something from the past.

'I won't. I'm much better... I swear.'

Hannibal kept looking at Nigel, wondering whether or not to receive him. Hannibal had his secrets, but nothing that Nigel didn't know or at least didn't suspect. Actually he even might be useful for something, like help the doctor to clear the guts of his *pigs*, for example, since apparently secrets between them didn't work very well. While Hannibal was still analyzing about what to do, someone entered the room.

'Geez, I'm late as hell...'

Nigel and Hannibal looked at the door and saw Will Graham, Hannibal's patient, who, apparently, had arrived late for his appointment. Will looked at the two men and stopped immediately, surprised, still holding the door handle with one of his hands, without closing it, just shocked by what he was seeing.

There was a long moment of awkward silence.

'Am I... hallucinating again?' - Will asked for himself out loud, confused and a little frightened by what he was seeing right before his eyes.

Hannibal and Nigel didn't seem to understand it at first, but soon Hannibal realized the reason of Will' surprise. The doctor laughed softly and then tried to explain the situation, completely changing the way of acting, quite different from the way he treated Nigel.

'Oh, hello Will. No, you're not hallucinating.' - Said Hannibal in a good mood. - 'This is my twin brother, Nigel Lecter.'

'Oh...' - Will was surprised to learn that Hannibal had a brother... a twin brother.

'Nigel, this is Will Graham, my patient and friend.' - Hannibal said to Nigel.

'Hello.' - Nigel said nodding to Will, greeting him, still with his hands in his pockets. He was as charming as Hannibal, the difference was that Nigel seemed to be more badass. There was a great domineering aura emanating from those two brothers, pure testosterone... it was almost like two alpha wolves looking at a rabbit that had just invaded their territory.

'Hello...' - Will answered nodding too, without looking in Nigel's eyes, just fixing his gaze on the tattoo he had on his neck - a stripper - already assuming that he was definitely very different from Hannibal, despite having the same face. Graham felt a little intimidated by the presence of Nigel, who seemed to be more unstable than Hannibal, and that conveyed some uncertainty for Will, unlike Hannibal, who was more controlled and made him feel secure and safe. It made him a little uncomfortable, making him shrink a little his shoulders.

Hannibal realized it. And it made him slightly amused. Hannibal knew how Nigel was maleable, specially by him... It was just to hit the right button that Nigel could be the sweetest person in this world or the worst monster of the galaxy... because of the universe was already Hannibal himself. And adding the fact Will had the gift of empathy, understanding everything and everyone, Hannibal soon had an evil idea at the moment: Instead of Nigel just help him to clean the meat for dinner, Nigel could help him with his newest *project*... Will Graham. Hannibal just smiled amused.

'Nigel came from Romania to spend a few weeks in Baltimore.' - Said the doctor, resting his hand on Nigel' shoulder. Nigel just looked at Hannibal, surprised to learn that Hannibal would help him.

Will smiled politely with that, gazing in the direction of their collarbones, hiding his eyes behind his glasses. - 'Well... welcome to America.'

'Thank you, Will.' - Nigel looked back at his brother. - 'I'm sure I will enjoy my stay.'

Hannibal was grateful for Will to not be looking directly at their faces at that time. The brief look the brothers exchanged at that time could have been very revealing... traces of the past came to light... but Hannibal soon recomposed himself.

'Well, you better go, Nigel. I have a patient to assist.'

'Of course. See you later.'

'See you.'

Nigel turned to leave the room and looked back at Will. The profiler looked up, at the tattoo again. The Lithuanian nodded, saying goodbye politely to Will, who did the same. Nigel then left the room and closed the door.

'Well, shall we start?' - Hannibal said, without prolonging it, without giving any more information about him and his brother to Will.

'Sure...' - Will said, turning to look forward again, hoping that Hannibal would make a comment about his brother or about his family life, but there was only an awkward silence. Will then immediately cleared his throat and entered the room.

Hannibal smiled gently as if nothing had happened and shut the door after Will came in, and then the therapy session began.

-x-

'I had forgotten how your food is amazing...' - Nigel said, taking a piece of meat that Hannibal prepared for dinner to his mouth with the fork.

Hannibal smiled amused while cutting the meat from his plate, sitting in the corner of the table, like a good host.

'And I had forgotten how nice it is to have a dinner with someone from the family.' - Said Hannibal looking at his brother. Nigel looked back and smiled as he chewed the food.

'What's on your mind, Hanni?' - Nigel asked, knowing how pretentious Hannibal was.

'What you mean?'

Nigel laughed slightly and looked back at the plate to cut another piece of meat.

'You know what I mean... the first time you saw me in your office you seemed to want to kick me out of there... But after that Will Graham came you changed your behavior completely.' - Nigel cut the piece of meat and brought it to his mouth, stopping only to look at Hannibal again. - 'What are you planning?' - And then he put the piece into his mouth.

Hannibal smiled amused. This meant that they, despite having been separated for almost thirty years, still had a strong connection.

'I'm not planning anything. I'm just letting things happen for themselves.'

-x-

Later that night, Hannibal began to *let things happen by themselves*.

The doctor came out of the bathroom with only a towel wrapped around his torso, with wet and slightly messy hair. He got clean towels and went to the guest room where Nigel would stay. He wanted to show that he was very comfortable with the presence of Nigel in his home...

'Clean towels, clothes and everything you need.' - Said Hannibal putting things over the bed.

Nigel, who was talking on the phone, looking out the window, turned to thank him, but saw his brother standing there almost naked. Nigel stopped, surprised, without saying anything, just staring absently at Hannibal, with the phone still to his ear.

'Do you need anything else?' - Asked Hannibal, acting innocently.

'No... uhm...' - Nigel blinked a few times, coming back to himself, looking away to the side. - 'Thank you...'

'If you need anything else, I'll be in the room next door. Good night.' - Hannibal turned to leave the room.

Nigel then turned back to look at Hannibal and looked at him from head to toe, seeing that athletic body, with those muscular back, with that exposed skin, gently and beautifully tanned, walking in his room. This did give Nigel a sigh. He simply ignored the voice that called him on his phone and ended the call, putting the phone in his pocket. Then Nigel called Hannibal back.

'Hanni...'

Hannibal stopped, smiled slightly amused at himself. Soon he returned to stay with a neutral expression and turned, as if he didn't know anything. Nigel walked to Hannibal, looking almost *hungry* for the doctor and stopped in front of him, giving a wide smile.

'Can I hug you?'

It was sudden.

'A hug?' - Hannibal asked.

'Yes... I mean, it's been almost three decades since I last saw you, and well, I think we haven't greet each other properly yet, so...' - He said, tilting his head slightly to the side, opening his arms slightly, inviting Hannibal for a hug.

Hannibal gave a gentle smile, giving permission to Nigel to hug him. Nigel smiled and wrapped his arms around Hannibal and the doctor soon embraced him back. Feeling the warmth of his brother's body, his soft skin in his hands and his wet hair on his face, Nigel felt chills and closed his eyes, tightening the embrace. He stayed like this for a while but soon took his nose close to Hannibal's neck, nuzzling, breathing deeply, feeling his brother's after bath scent, trying to bring Hannibal closer. - 'God... how I missed that...' - He said, whispering, opening his eyes slowly, beginning to caress the doctor's naked back, touching his lips lightly on the skin between the neck and shoulder, feeling the softness and warmth on his lips.

'Nigel...' - Hannibal whispered sweetly. - 'You said you got better...'

'I did...' - Nigel whispered, starting to pant slightly. He slowly ran his hand on the back of his brother, following his curves until he reached the part where the towel wrapped the body. - 'Much better... believe me...'

When Nigel was about to take off that towel, Hannibal put his hand on Nigel's and turned his face away, looking into his brother's eyes.

'Nigel, don't...'

Nigel was slightly breathless, his pupils were dilated and his cheeks slightly flushed. He stared at Hannibal for a while. He then laughed and looked away to the side, letting the towel go, taking a step back. - 'Sorry... *old habits*...'

'Well I'm going...' - Hannibal said arranging the towel on his torso that was almost falling. - 'If you need anything, feel free to ask, be my guest.'

'Thank you.' - Nigel said looking back at Hannibal. He then gently touched his brother's face, approached and gave a sweet kiss on his cheek. - 'Good night, brother.' - He said, looking at him like he was the most beautiful thing in the world.

'Good night, Nigel.' - Hannibal said with a soft smile, then he turned to leave the room.

Nigel smiled and bit his lower lip, trying to resist the urge he was having at that moment, as he watched his brother leaving the room.

# Chapter 2

Chapter 2

*The nights in Robert Lecter and Lady Murasaki's house were cold, especially in winter. Hannibal and Nigel slept in the same room, each had their own bed but both created the habit of sleeping in the same bed since they were in the orphanage. They began to do it after their younger sister, Mischa, have died. Every morning, Lady Murasaki saw them sleeping peacefully, holding each other as if they were inseparable. That was the way they found to overcome the trauma of their sister's loss, supporting each other in all ways. Hannibal and Nigel did everything together... they slept together, bathed together, ate meals together, it was almost as if they were the same person.*

*After a year living in their uncle's house, things started to change a bit. Nigel relied entirely on his brother, and eventually became very dependent on him psychologically, and it began to let him possessive about Hannibal. He was jealous of everyone who approached him, even Lady Murasaki... well... especially Lady Murasaki. With teenage changes, this possession only worsened, turning into a physical one, making Nigel start giving sexual overtures on his own brother. It started with simple caresses and erotic games during the nights, as two young boys helping each other to discover their growing up bodies, so it was a natural thing to happen. But such games were getting more intense, and Nigel began to touch Hannibal increasingly intimately and boldly. Hannibal tried to protest, trying to establish a limit, but that only made Nigel out of control. Hannibal soon realized that when he gave way to Nigel advances, Nigel became more easily influenced. Over time, the touches evolved into kisses... tongue kisses... touches in their private parts... and finally sex. Hannibal and Nigel became involved in an incest. They kept it a secret from Murasaki and Robert. This worked for a while, but during that period, Nigel fell madly in love by his own brother, and his possession became an obsession. This came to the limit when Nigel ended up hurting his own aunt Murasaki. She was cutting Hannibal's hair while Nigel waited his turn. She smiled and stroked her nephew's hair affectionately as they talked with smiles on their faces. This was leaving Nigel madly angry, to the point that he approached his aunt and just pushed her to try to get her away from Hannibal. She fell to the ground and ended up cutting the wrist when the scissors she was holding fell awkwardly in the fall. That was a shock for Murasaki, and for Nigel himself as well. He regretted soon after realizing what he did, but Robert found that unacceptable. Robert then decided to hospitalize Nigel in a psychiatric hospital to treat him, to prevent him to hurt anyone else, since it was not the first time that Nigel had hurt someone.*

*'Please! Hanni! Don't leave me! I love you!!'*

*Hannibal watched the nurses grab Nigel's arms to prevent him from escaping. Robert and Lady Murasaki soon turned Hannibal by his shoulders to leave. Hannibal didn't want to go... but he knew this was the best solution, for him and for the uncontrollable Nigel.*

*That was the last time Hannibal saw his brother.*

Hannibal opened his eyes. It was pretty early. He looked at the clock in the nightstand and saw that it was still an hour earlier than the time he usually woke up. Hannibal sighed and looked back at the ceiling. But he soon felt a presence beside him... when he looked at the other side, he just saw Nigel sleeping beside him. Hannibal watched him sleep peacefully for a while, remembering to always see Nigel sleep when they were younger... Hannibal just grabbed the blanket and covered Nigel, putting it till his shoulders, to keep him warm. Carefully, Hannibal moved under the blanket and tried to get up from the bed in silence. But before getting up, he felt a hand hold his hand. Hannibal stopped, sitting up in bed and looked at Nigel over his shoulders.

'Can you stay here with me for a little while?' - Asked Nigel, with a lovely sleepy face.

Hannibal spent time looking at his brother, but soon returned to bed, tucking himself under the blanket again. Nigel came over and hugged Hannibal, resting his head on his bare chest, closing his eyes, without even asking for permission. Hannibal got motionless, only bothered by his brother's boldness, but soon gave way to the familiar experience and put his hand to Nigel's head, stroking his hair.

'Just like old times...' - Nigel said quietly.

'Just like old times...' - Repeated Hannibal, closing his eyes, feeling the nostalgia of that time.

'When I left the hospital and went back to Uncle Robert and Aunt Murasaki you were already gone...' - Nigel said, turning to open his eyes. - 'I felt so alone... I wanted to go after you, but I thought I'd better stay away from you for a while... and then I realized I've been away for nearly 30 years...'

Hannibal opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling. Nigel could be tough, but he had a very sensible side, especially when it came to the relationship between them and he didn't bother to talk openly about it with Hannibal... he loved him after all, more than he should. Hannibal certainly loved his brother too, but he loved him just like he loved Mischa, and obviously that relationship was not a healthy one... but it was all what they had when they were younger. And there they were... holding each other in the same bed like old times... sharing the same bittersweet feeling again.

'You are not alone, Nigel...'

Nigel raised his head and looked at his brother.

'Neither you...'

Hannibal was silent, just looking at his brother. There was a certain comfort in being in the arms of someone who shared the same blood, or better than that, who shared the same womb. Connected even before birth. Nigel smiled sweetly and looked at Hannibal's mouth, and slowly approached to kiss him, but Hannibal placed the tip of his finger over his mouth.

'You haven't brushed your teeth yet.'

Nigel chuckled and leaned his forehead on Hannibal's chest. The doctor chuckled lightly as well. As much as Hannibal was aware that he himself directed the situation to that, he enjoyed the familiar feeling he was having at that time... it was comforting and heartwarming. Nigel then turned back to his brother and took his face to his neck, nuzzling him. Then he put a hand to the bare chest of his brother, he ran his hand in his chest hair and then went to the abdomen.

'Hmm... still as soft as that time...' - Nigel said, feeling the soft skin of Hannibal's abdomen.

'Nigel... don't ...' - Hannibal said, lightly panting.

'*Let things happen by themselves*, as you said...' - Nigel then tenderly kissed Hannibal's neck, kissing the region with light kisses, gently touching his lips on the doctor' skin. He took the hand that was on the doctor's abdomen, and started running it down the side of Hannibal's body, stroking his waist. - 'Then just let them happen, dear brother...' - Slowly, he took that hand increasingly down until it touched the side of Hannibal's thigh and stroked it over that silk trousers the doctor was wearing. The light touch made Hannibal slightly gasp, leaving his eyes half-closed, making the hand he was stroking Nigel's head to grab his hair.

Even after thirty years, that proximity didn't seem foreign to them... it seemed just natural.

Nigel then gave a slight bite in his brother's neck without breaking the skin, just strong enough to cause him a little pain and mark him. Hannibal growled closing his eyes, grabbing his brother's hair with both hands.

'Don't... don't mark me, Nigel...' - Said Hannibal whispering.

'Too late...' - Nigel said likewise, licking the mark he had made on that skin.

His touches were lazy but loving and intense. Nigel climbed over Hannibal and lightly pressed his hip against him. The doctor groaned softly and closed his eyes again, wrinkling his brows as he buried his head deeper on the pillow. Nigel parted his lips and took a deep breath, feeling a chill to see that reaction of his brother and pressed his hip again. This time it was Nigel who made a sound through his parted lips, feeling his brother harden as much as him. Nigel pressed it again, and again... and again. He thrusted a few times and that was enough to leave them both fully hard.

'Fuck... How I missed you...' - Nigel said in a raspy voice, turning to kiss Hannibal's neck again.

'I...' - Hannibal said breathless, slightly tilting his head, exposing more of his throat, with eyes closed. - 'I missed you too...'

Nigel just grabbed the bulge between Hannibal's legs, causing the doctor to whine of pleasure. Nigel then began to stroke the region through that silk pants, slowly, as he licked

the mark he had left on his brother's neck. He took his hand into the doctor's pants, sliding his fingers slowly inside it, going more and more down. Hannibal graciously writhed on the bed, with one hand grabbing his brother's hair and the other the sheets. The doctor then opened his eyes and looked down, slightly frowning, panting through his parted lips, watching Nigel's hand sliding beneath his clothes. This only send a jolt to his hard cock. When Nigel's fingertips reached the first pubic hairs...

*Ding! Dong!*

The bell rang.

Nigel stopped, frowning and looked confused at Hannibal. Hannibal looked back at Nigel.

'Are you expecting someone?' - Nigel asked.

'No...' - Hannibal replied breathlessly, as surprised as his brother. He looked at the clock again, just to confirm the time. Hannibal then moved to go answer the door, but Nigel grabbed him, holding both of his shoulders, keeping him in bed. Hannibal stopped and looked back at his brother.

'Wait... Are you going to answer the door?' - Nigel asked, surprised.

'Yes.'

'Really? In these conditions?' - Nigel said, looking briefly down and looked back at Hannibal.

Hannibal laughed lightly.

'I'm more controlled than you, Nigel. I just need to wear something and act normally.' - Hannibal then moved, and this time Nigel allowed him to leave the bed, obviously disappointed. Hannibal sat on the bed, straightening his pants back in place.

Nigel continued in bed, just watching his handsome brother get dressed. He sighed.

'Will you come back?'

Hannibal put a sweater and then a robe covering very well his situation... then he looked back at Nigel.

'I still have to make the bed so... yes.' - He said smiling and left the room. Nigel just smiled and bit his lower lip, looking forward to his brother to return.

Hannibal opened the door and got surprised to see that it was Will Graham.

'Will? What a surprise.'

Will looked at Hannibal to greet him but then just froze, surprised to notice a lightly blushing at the doctor's face, as well as his irregular breath, even if the doctor was disguising

it very well. Will was a very observant person, so the slightest detail, he could catch with his pretty blue eyes. That made Will distracted for a few seconds, making him question what the doctor was doing... but he soon composed himself, he cleared his throat and looked away.

'Hey... I'm sorry to come so suddenly... it's so early...'

'There is nothing to apologize, you will always be welcome here. Please come in.' - Said Hannibal kindly, inviting Will to enter. He really didn't expect this very unexpected visit, but very welcome.

Both went to the kitchen and Hannibal immediately began preparing the coffee. He was so neutral that he didn't even looked like he was aroused at that moment... even if Will had noticed slight remnants of his arousal.

'What can I help you, Will?' - Hannibal asked as he put fresh coffee beans in his fancy coffee maker.

Will sighed while watching Hannibal prepare coffee.

'I don't know if I'm losing my mind but... today I woke up on the roof of my house...' - Will said, concerned. - 'I would have fallen from that if my dogs weren't barking...'

Hannibal stopped and looked at Will, worried.

'Sleepwalking?'

'I don't even know if I'm awake now...'

Hannibal spent time looking at Will and then returned to prepare the coffee.

'This is stress. You've been through a lot this past month, Will... Jack should know he should go easy on you... especially after Hobbs.'

Will chuckled lightly, turning to look at the kitchen decor.

'I'm his finest China reserved only for special guests...' - He said.

'This fine China has a limit...' - Hannibal said as he poured the coffee into a cup. - 'If you're not careful... it may fall and break.' - He then handed the cup to Will.

Will sighed and smiled slightly, taking the cup, thanking for the coffee. Hannibal then poured one for himself. Will thought about what Hannibal had just said and took a sip of coffee, turning to watch Hannibal again. He noticed a slight redness on his neck while the doctor put the cup on the counter. Will frowned lightly, thinking at first that it might be a bruise... but then Hannibal turned and took another cup and poured the coffee on it, making Will blush lightly and look away, making him think that there was someone else in the house, making him realize that that mark could be something else... considering how he saw Hannibal when he answered the door...

'I uhm... I didn't come at a bad time, did I?' - Will asked suddenly.

'Bad time? No, why?' - Hannibal asked curiously, turning to look Will.

'I don't know, I mean... Doesn't your wife get angry for one of your patients comes to knock at your door at 6 in the morning?' - Will said laughing lightly, trying to sound like a joke.

Hannibal laughed lightly.

'Maybe... if I was married.' - Hannibal smiled and finished pouring coffee in that cup. - 'This one is for Nigel, if that's what you're wondering.' - Hannibal said turning to look Will, with an amused smile.

'Oh...' - Will said, soon remembering that Hannibal's twin brother was in Baltimore, and obviously he would be staying at his brother's house. - 'So it was for him...' - He said in an impulse, more to himself than to Hannibal. Will seemed somewhat relieved to know that Hannibal wasn't married. He soon realized that he said it out loud and cleared his throat, taking another sip of the coffee to hide his embarrassement.

'Hey.'

The third voice caught the attention of Hannibal and Will, who immediately looked at the kitchen entrance. There was Nigel, leaning against the door, arms crossed, shirtless, wearing only a mesh pants. He didn't even bother to hide the noticeable bulge between his legs... he even seemed proud of it. Will didn't look directly to that region, but as a man, he obviously noticed it. It made him blush, almost making him to choke with the coffee. He just put a hand over his mouth and look forward again immediately, swallowing the coffee.

'Having nice dreams, Nigel?' - Hannibal asked ironically, showing to him the cup of coffee for him to take, as if making a light joke of the situation, which was common to happen to men - morning wood - but in this case... they both knew that was not that.

'Oh absolutely.' - Nigel didn't care about the mockery and soon stood beside Will, giving him a light tap on the shoulder. - 'Hey, Will, what a surprise, good morning.'

'Good... good morning, Nigel.' - Will said, feeling a little uncomfortable by the proximity, taking another sip of coffee to keep himself distracted.

Nigel walked around the counter and reached Hannibal, and simply gave him a kiss on his cheek. Hannibal seemed surprised by that and looked disapprovingly at Nigel, who ignored him, smiling pleased and took the cup of coffee, leading to his mouth to take a sip. Will just looked away, feeling a little discomfort for the natural proximity of the two brothers... it was almost like he was... *jealous*. He felt his heart race at that moment. And besides all this, there seemed to be a strange sexual tension there, leaving Will extremely uncomfortable.

Hannibal just looked back at Will and felt the need to explain that.

'Nigel has always been this lovely.' - He said, trying to sound funny.

Will laughed slightly, more for education than for finding it funny, and then took another sip, finishing his coffee. *Finally*.

'Well I uhm... I'm going...' - Said Will, putting the empty cup on the counter, feeling that he just needed to leave. The tension, even imagining that it was something of his own head - and he really hoped it was - was too much for him.

'Already? Oh what a shame.' - Nigel said, looking at Graham.

'I hoped you would have breakfast with us, Will.' - Hannibal said, a little disappointed.

'Thank you... but I really have to go. Thanks for the coffee by the way, it was delicious.'

Will said goodbye to Nigel and Hannibal accompanied him to the door, they both said goodbye and Hannibal returned to the kitchen.

'Did I make him leave?' - Asked Nigel, finishing his coffee.

'You did this on purpose.'

'Of course I did.'

'He's my friend, Nigel...'

'Whatever... I don't care about him...' - Nigel put the cup on the counter and walked over to Hannibal, getting close, leaning his body on the psychiatrist in a dominant way. Nigel then took his hand to Hannibal's face, carrassing his jaw. - 'I care about you... you are the only thing that matters.'

Hannibal looked at his brother's eyes and sighed. Nigel looked at Hannibal's mouth, who was with slightly parted lips, and touched them with his thumb, caressing them.

'I brushed my teeth... but now I'm tasting like coffee... ' - He said.

'We both are...' - Said Hannibal, whispering.

Nigel smiled and pressed his lips to his brother's, closed his eyes and deepened the kiss. Hannibal closed his eyes as well, returning the kiss... The first of them after so long.

# Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Hi there! Thank you so much for everyone who is reading this fic! And I apologize I haven't updated yesterday, but here it is!

Warning: Abusive kiss, non-con kiss

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 3

*Nigel was only Hannibal's brother*. That was what Will Graham wanted to believe... but it was hard not to think in other possibilities when Nigel showed himself to be extremely vigilant regarding Hannibal... vigilant in an exaggerated way, as if Hannibal was his property or something. And it bothered Will... more than it should.

'Tell me, why are you so angry?' - Hannibal asked, sitting in his usual chair in his office as he watched Will walk restlessly around his table.

'I'm angry about these boys. I'm angry cause I know when I find them, I can't help them. I can't give them back what they gave away.' - Will said, talking about the current case he was investigating - young boys who killed their families - but deep inside, Will was *intrigued by the relationship between Hannibal and Nigel*.

'Family.' - Hannibal said.

'Yes.'

'Freddie Lounds has coined these young killers the Blood Brothers.'

'We call them the Lost Boys.'

'Abigail is lost, too. Perhaps it is our responsibility, yours and mine, to help her find her way.' - Hannibal said, remembering the young Abigail, who had a great contribution to their current friendship.

Will sighed. He felt responsible for Abigail and in a way, it was a relief to hear that from Hannibal, acknowledging that he felt the same way. He stopped at a corner of the table and picked up an object that was on it and began to look at it, moving it with his hands while his mind was somewhere far away.

'I'm not connected to this concept...' - He finally said. - 'I don't know if I can help her...'

'And I'm not the best representation of family concept too... but if we don't do it, who will?'

Will stopped his hands and looked at Hannibal.

'You have a brother.' - He said.

'I have. And I had a sister too. But that doesn't mean I'm better qualified to look after Abigail than you, Will.'

Will looked back at the object, and laughed lightly, moving his hands again in various angles to see it better - it was a page weight.

'Definitely not...' - Will said, ironically.

Hannibal got somewhat perplexed by it. - 'I beg your pardon?'

Will continued stirring the object, and bit his jaw before he spoke again. He still looked slightly annoyed.

'I know he's your brother but... you said he's a drug dealer... I don't think he would be a good influence to Abigail...' - Will said without hesitation.

That left Hannibal in silence for a few moments.

'Nigel would never offer anything to Abigail. He knows his place.'

The profiler sighed and returned the object on the table, repenting having said such a thing, he knew he got impulsive. Will then placed a hand on his face, running through it.

'I'm sorry... I'm just tired, I guess...' - He sighed again, putting his hands in his pockets.

'It's all right.' - Hannibal said, forgiving the coarseness.

'Uhm... Is she older or younger than you two?' - Will asked awkwardly, trying to reconcile with the doctor after the light discussion.

Hannibal just tilted his head slightly to the side.

'My sister?'

'Yes.'

'She was younger.'

Will frowned slightly, turning to look the doctor, realizing now that Hannibal had said 'I had a sister' instead of 'I have'.

'Was?' - He asked.

'She is dead.'

Will soon regretted having asked that and looked away again.

'Sorry…'

'It's ok. It was a long time ago...' - Hannibal looked blankly at the empty seat in front of him, remembering his beloved sister. - 'Her name was Mischa. She was my charge. Nigel and I took care of her as if we were her parents, as the three of us were orphaned early.'

Will just kept looking at Hannibal, absorbing the short story the doctor had just told about his past, understanding a little better the doctor, and also Nigel.

'And now you have Abigail...' - He paused. - 'We have.' - Will completed, smiling slightly, as if trying to console something that had been already overcome, but still, Will felt the need to do this for Hannibal, as if to say he was not alone in this... Or maybe it was a consolation to Will himself, trying to tell himself that he wasn't alone, believing - and wanting - that Hannibal was with him.

Hannibal looked at Will and gave a warm smile.

'Yes, we have.'

-x-

'I don't like that Will Graham.' - Nigel said, as he helped Hannibal to *clean the pig entrails* for dinner.

'I know Will is not the nicest person in the world... but even then, may I know why?' - Hannibal said cutting fresh pieces of meat that Nigel cleaned.

'Well, I don't have reasons to like him, so I just don't like him.'

Hannibal just smiled quietly to himself, apparently finding it funny because Will also seemed to not have enjoyed Nigel.

'Will seems to feel the same about you.'

'I don't blame him.' - Nigel said amused.

'You're jealous, Nigel.' - Accused Hannibal.

Nigel chuckled as he threw the entrails in the bucket in the floor. He wore a long white apron, bloodstained, looking like a real butcher.

'Maybe I should make a list of reasons I don't like him... wanna hear some?'

'Go ahead.'

'He's a fucking criminal profiler from the FBI. End of the list.' - Nigel said wryly, *intrigued by the friendship between Hannibal and Will*.

Hannibal laughed softly as he picked up another piece of meat to cut.

'You think this is unacceptable... just like Will thinks the same about you and me.'

Nigel stopped, looking at his brother, surprised.

'Does he know?'

'No. But I'm pretty sure he suspects. He's very smart.'

'I wouldn't mind if he was sure about it.'

Hannibal stopped and looked at Nigel.

'I would.'

Nigel grinned lightly, amused for leaving his brother slightly worried and returned to clean the counter full of blood.

'What do you think he would do if he knew the truth? Not just about you and me... but about what you do?'

This sent a chill in the bowels of the doctor, as if it was something uncertain. Hannibal couldn't predict Will... so that threatened him in some way.

'He will accept it... when he's ready.'

-x-

Hannibal had invited Will and Abigail to dine at his house that night. Hannibal went to pick Abigail in the psychiatric hospital while Nigel stayed at home, finishing preparing the table. He then went to take a shower and get ready for dinner. He got out of the bath just using a towel, Hannibal's bathroom, as he slept with his brother, and went to the doctor's closet just to snoop. Nigel opened some drawers and tried some of his brother' suits, having fun with himself. But then the doorbell rang.

'Shit...' - Nigel said. He was wearing one of Hannibal' suits and it would take too long to change his clothes so... Nigel just decided to do something fun...

Will was about to ring the bell for the second time when *Hannibal* opened the door.

'Will, I'm glad you came.' - Hannibal said with a gentle smile on his face, with his duly neat hair with gel and his tailored suit he always wore. But even so, it seemed that there was something different in the doctor at that moment, but Will didn't know what it was. Maybe it was the scarf he was wearing around his neck, leaving him more charming. Will just smiled sheepishly and looked away.

'Thanks for inviting, doctor.'

'Please, come in.' - Hannibal said smiling gently, as always.

Will smiled back and went inside. Hannibal closed the door and led Will to the kitchen.

'Abigail's already here?' - Will asked, looking around curiously.

The doctor hesitated for a moment, but he soon replied, as he put the wine in a glass.

'She'll be here soon.'

Will only frowned slightly, looking back at the doctor.

'Wasn't it for you to pick her up at the hospital?'

Hannibal turned and looked at Will, handing the glass of wine.

'Yes, but I asked Nigel to do it.'

Will was going to take a sip of the wine when he stopped and looked at the doctor, somewhat surprised and also nonconformist.

'You what??'

The psychiatrist only slightly tilted his head to the side.

'Nigel and Abigail already know each other. Abigail keeps jumping the hospital's walls and coming here... and in some of these adventures she ended meeting Nigel when I was in my office, and then they met. Don't worry, Will, she's in good hands.' - Hannibal then put wine on his own glass.

The profiler spent time processing that information...

'Uhm... but uhm... why you...'

'Because I wanted to be alone with you.' - Hannibal said. He placed the glass and bottle of wine on the counter and turned back to Will.

Will froze at that moment. - 'W-what...' - He said surprised.

The doctor took a few steps closer to the profiler, invading his personal space, making Will to take a deep breath and look away, not understanding what Hannibal was doing...

'You are unique, Will...' - Hannibal then took the glass he had just given to him and placed it on the counter and turned back to Graham. Will kept going back as Hannibal came closer. - 'I want to know... what makes you so unique that appeals me...'

Will felt the kitchen wall behind him. He had nowhere else to run... Will began to gasp and his cheeks blushed by the proximity. He looked scared and at the same time eager for something. Hannibal stopped right in front of him, their chests almost touching.

'Dr... Dr. Lecter... what are you-'

Before Will could finish the sentence, Hannibal approached his face and pressed suddenly his lips tightly against Will's. Will widened his eyes, in shock by that, blushing violently his face, feeling his glasses almost falling from his face, getting totally motionless. The doctor deepened the kiss, just trying to force his tongue into the profiler's mouth, and it sent a shiver down Will's spine, making him to slightly arch his back, tensing his whole body, making him close his eyes tightly, frowning , feeling uncomfortably forced to be kissed. Hannibal moved his head slightly to the side, in order to deepen the kiss, trying to open space between the tensioned lips of Will, making the youngest to feel his heart racing and his blood pressure rise. It wasn't a nice kiss... it was heavy... grueling... forced... raw. Will tried to move his face away, but then a hand grabbed his chin, forcing his face to stand still. A tear trickled from one of his closed eyes, as if begging for Hannibal to move away... to stop. But Hannibal just took his other hand to the profiler's nape and grabbed it, bringing him even closer. Graham soon felt the need to breathe, and he ended up parting the lips... he had to. But instead of feeling the air getting in, Will felt that hot, wet tongue slide between his parted lips, filling his mouth with a light flavor of mint. Will moaned involuntarily through his throat, still feeling stressed, but his mind now looked like it was floating, as if he were being transported to another place. That tongue and those lips started dancing wisely in Will's mouth, sucking his tongue and lips obscenely, making the profiler shiver. Will moaned again, but this time it was a sound of *pleasure*... he lightly arched his back against the wall and gave in into the kiss, taking his tongue into the psychistrist's mouth. Will felt as if melting into the kiss. He soon took his hand to Hannibal's nape, under his scarf and held it, trying to bring him closer... But at this moment, Hannibal just grabbed Will's hand away from his neck and pressed it against the wall, breaking unkindly the kiss.

Will opened his eyes, totally bewildered, breathing deeply to catch his breath, confused by the sudden interruption, face flushed and with slightly swollen red lips by the kiss.

'You fucking love him, don't you?' - Asked the doctor.

Will then looked into the eyes of the 'doctor' and soon realized it wasn't Hannibal.

'Ni-Nigel??' - Will's eyes widened in shock.

Nigel then laughed, still holding Will's hand against the wall, staring coldly at him.

'For a criminal profiler, I'm surprised you haven't noticed this before... This proves that love can blind people, doesn't it?'

Will didn't know what to say... in fact he didn't know what to do... he felt so fooled and he was feeling like a complete idiot.

'Why... why would you do that...' - Will asked with a trembling voice, feeling hurt and used, trembling not just his voice, but his whole body as well.

'I just wanted to make sure of something... and now I'm pretty sure.' - Nigel approached lightly his face and kept looking at Will. - 'I won't tell him, don't worry, but...' - He approached his face near Will's ear and whispered. - 'You won't have him. He is already

mine.' - Will got shocked. This only confirmed what he was suspicious... incest. This made the profiler feel a tightness in his chest... What else he didn't know about Hannibal? This question suddenly became very painful for him at that moment.

They then heard the living room door open and the voices of Hannibal and Abigail dominate the house.

Nigel looked back at Will and smiled.

'And if you dare to touch him, Will... I swear I'll kill you.'

Will stood there, just looking scared to Nigel, still processing everything that had just happened, wondering how he let himself be fooled so easily by this man. Maybe Nigel was right... *Love can blind people*.

Nigel went to receive his brother and Abigail, leaving Will there alone... scared, abused, humiliated... hurt.

Chapter End Notes

Omg I'm so sorry about this chapter, poor Will ;-;

Thanks for reading! If you enjoyed, please leave kudos and comment! They give me life :3

# Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Hey! Thanks everyone who is following this fic! Here we go!

*Edit: I had to change the final part of this chapter a bit! I'm so sorry, this fic is unbeta'ed so I beg your patience ): The alteration begins at this line: [ Will slightly frowned, getting confused with what Nigel said. ] (You can copy and paste it on Ctrl + F to find the sentence)
I just realized that, while posting chapter 5... it wouldn't make sense. I hope you still like this fic though...

Warning: Angst/Fluff

See the end of the chapter for more notes

## Chapter 4

*Nigel was angry. Very angry.*

*'I don't like her.' - Said the teenager lying in the bed, shirtless, staring at the ceiling.*

*Hannibal finished putting his pajamas and soon joined Nigel, lying beside him.*

*'May I know why?' - Asked the other Lecter.*

*'She likes you. That's reason enough.' - Nigel said, nuzzling his brother, talking about a girl who studied with them at school.*

*'You don't like anyone who likes me...'*

*'I can't help myself... It gives me the impression that they will steal you from me...' - Nigel just tightened the embrace.*

*'One day this will be inevitable, Nigel...' - Hannibal said, stroking his brother's head on his chest, vaguely staring at the ceiling.*

*Nigel just raised his head and looked at his brother with an unfriendly expression.*

*'What do you mean* inevitable*??'*

*Hannibal looked at his brother.*

*'We shared the same womb... we were born together... we are here now together... but each one of us have our own hearts... and one day, each heart will want to follow its own path.'*

*Nigel got perplexed, just looking in disapproval at his brother.*

*'This is the path my heart wants to follow.'*

*Hannibal sighed.*

*'This doesn't mean it's the same as mine.'*

*This just engulfed Nigel in such a painful way, but instead of absorbing it, he simply climbed over Hannibal and put his hands, one on each side of the future doctor's head, on the pillow, staring at the same hazel eyes of his brother. Nigel looked angry and frightened at the same time.*

*'I would die if you leave me...'*

*Hannibal continued looking calm and serene at Nigel, and then he only took his hand on his brother's face, stroking his cheek.*

*'I would never leave you, Nigel... I'm just telling you to let* this *go...' - He said gently.*

*A tear trickled from Nigel's eyes and fell on Hannibal's cheek.*

*'I would never let this go... never!' - Nigel said, crying. - 'That's all of me...' - He just leaned his forehead against his brother's forehead and closed his eyes. - 'You are all of me...'*

*Hannibal just got silent for a while. He felt a slight tightness in his chest. Hannibal then just hugged his brother, stroking his head now resting near his shoulder and closed his eyes.*

-x-

The dinner had a tough and intoxicating mood. Especially between Nigel and Will. Hannibal obviously noticed the glances between them, which were unreadable but they had an aura of rivalry somehow and Will in particular, seemed slightly intimidated by something while Nigel seemed intimidating. Hannibal knew that neither of them enjoyed each other's company, but he had no idea what really happened between them an hour ago.

The one that really seemed to be enjoying the dinner was Abigail.

'That magic trick with the napkins that you taught me the other day... I don't get it right, Nigel... it's so complicated...' - Said the young girl, stirring in a clean napkin, trying to do this trick.

'Jesus Christ, Abigail, you would be a very bad magician.' - Nigel said mockingly, grabbing a napkin to teach the trick again.

'Oh shut up!' - Abigail said laughing. - 'Just show me again.'

Hannibal smiled slightly to watch the interaction between them. Abigail reminded him his beloved Mischa... and he knew Nigel felt the same. Who was not pleased with that was Will Graham. He looked at the two, over his glasses, with an annoyed expression, he looked like a creepy guy oddly looking at them... he was very, *very* jealous. For him, Abigail was his responsibility and Hannibal's only, not Nigel's. But there was Hannibal's brother... being closer to Abigail than Will could ever be.

'Will, can you help me bring the desserts?' - Hannibal asked.

Will blinked a few times, coming back to Earth and looked at Hannibal.

'Oh, of course!'

Nigel immediately rose from his chair.

'Leave it to me, I'll help you.' - He said.

'Nigel... you haven't finished teaching Abigail, don't be rude.' - Hannibal said, rising from his chair.

'Yeah, don't be rude, I need to learn this!' - Abigail said innocently.

Nigel just looked at Will, who stood beside Hannibal. The profiler was still internally in shock at what happened before that dinner, but he had the courage enough at that time to raise one of his eyebrows sarcastically, as if to say *'Yeah, do what senpai is telling you'*. That left Nigel with an overwhelming desire to punch in Will's face at that moment. But the Lithuanian just smiled and sat back down, returning to give attention to Abigail.

Hannibal and Will went to the kitchen to pick the dessert.

'Is it just me or you and Nigel are not comfortable with each other?' - Hannibal asked as he opened the refrigerator to get the desserts.

Will rested his hands on the edge of the counter.

'Yeah... we're not comfortable with each other.' - He confessed with a sigh, raising his eyebrows. - 'But I don't want to bother you with this... it's nothing... it's just the fact that we are quite... uhm... different.'

Hannibal put two dessert plates on the counter, in front of Will and stopped, looking at him.

'Did Nigel say something to you while I wasn't here?' - Hannibal looked worried.

Will stopped and looked at Hannibal hesitantly.

'Uhm...' - Will wanted to say everything, say that Nigel fooled him, that he forcibly kissed him against the wall, but at the same time... he didn't want to bother Hannibal with

that, so Will said only part of it. - 'He welcomed me as being you... and I believed in that for a while.' - Graham said, laughing lightly, trying to look out that it was something funny.

Hannibal laughed lightly, relaxing a little. The doctor then returned to pick up the other two dishes in the refrigerator.

'He fooled uncle Robert once. He was grounded for fighting at school, and was not allowed to leave the house...' - The doctor took the other two dishes and shut the refrigerator with the elbow. - 'He worn my clothes and asked uncle Robert if he could play outside... My uncle believed him and let him leave the house. Just at the end of the day aunt Murasaki caught him and brought him back to the house. Nigel was a very playful child.'

Will laughed lightly with the story, imagining it vividly in his mind. And thinking about it, Nigel actually still seemed to be playful. Will could see it in Nigel's interaction with Abigail. So who was the real Nigel then? The one Hannibal just described or the one who kissed Will? This made the profiler be intrigued, and made him question whether Hannibal also have already questioned it about his brother.

'It must be nice to have a brother.' - Said Will, taking the other two desserts that were on the counter to take them to the dining room.

Hannibal smiled.

'Yes it is. The bond between brothers is something unique. There is only a pure and genuine magnetism that you just can't escape... you just born already loving profoundly that one who carries the same blood as you...' - Hannibal briefly seemed sad about something, as if sorry for something, but soon recomposed himself. - 'This is the essence of brotherhood.'

Will felt a tightness in his chest at that moment. Hannibal did have already questioned... questioned about who the real Nigel was... and he, more than anyone else, knew the answer. Will didn't know what happened between them in the past, but... he just I knew at that moment that Nigel was trapped inside himself, in his own sins, lost, being controlled by a demon from the past... and Hannibal, as his brother, was handcuffed with him on the other side of the bars.

'He can't let this go, can he?' - Will said suddenly looking at Hannibal full of empathy. - 'So you can't too...'

Hannibal just stopped and looked surprised at Will. The psychiatrist then sighed and looked at the desserts that was in his hands, realizing that Will knew about them anyway.

'Nigel needs to find his true self, just like I found mine... but he just keeps going backwards.'

The profiler simply put the desserts on the counter again and approached the doctor, placing a hand on his shoulder, making the doctor to look back at him.

'You have to break up with him... tell him that your love for him is not in that way... that you love him purely... the same love when you both were born.'

'I've already said it... many many times... but he just doesn't care.' - Hannibal then sighed and turned to look at the desserts again. - 'He's already leaving tomorrow anyway.'

'And you'll just leave it like this? Even if he never see you again... Nigel would still be stuck to it... you would still be stuck to it... it would be like if he was sleeping by your side every night, Hannibal...' - Will didn't even bother to have called the doctor by his first name at that time. He then took the same hand that was on his shoulder and lovingly touched his face. - 'I don't know what happened in the past, but I can see how much you want to free him...'

Hannibal was speechless. Then he just leaned his face in the touch, feeling embraced somehow.

'What's going on here??'

Nigel suddenly appeared at the kitchen door, with an unfriendly expression on his face. Will immediately removed his hand from Hannibal's face and they moved away from each other, looking hesitant to Nigel. Nigel looked at each one of them suspiciously. The Lithuanian then started walking slowly toward them while carrying an empty glass of wine.

'Well, I just came here to get more wine...' - Nigel stood beside Graham, near the counter in front of the refrigerator. - 'But I think I just found a better use for this glass...' - Nigel then just broke half of the glass on the counter edge and lunged on Will, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt, pulling him to the other side leaning him against the wall, putting the broken glass near the profiler's neck. This time Will's glasses fell off from his face and broke on the floor by the sudden movement of Nigel, and he soon got frightened by those sharp edges close to his jugular.

'Nigel!' - Hannibal immediately put the desserts over the counter and approached, but Nigel threatened to cut the profiler's throat if he approached more.

'Stay where you are, Hannibal...' - Nigel said, looking with pure hatred at Graham. - 'Or this babe will fill your kitchen with his blood...'

Hannibal took a deep breath, fearing for Will's life and then he didn't give any further steps.

'Do you remember what I told you, Will?' - Asked the Lithuanian. - 'If you don't... I tell you again...' - He then pulled the glass even closer, making one of the sharp edges to slightly sink the skin, not enough yet to break it. - 'Don't touch him... or I'll kill you.'

Will began to breath desperate through his nose, his body began to tremble slightly. Of course he was scared, but he stood there firmly.

'Nigel, let him go... and let's talk... just you and me...' - Hannibal said behind him.

Nigel laughed wryly.

'This is a unique opportunity, brother... you should be thanking me... it would make things easier for you...'

Will slightly frowned, getting confused with what Nigel said.

'Don't do this...' - Hannibal said.

'Oh c'mon... Why do you bother with him?' - Nigel asked to Hannibal, still looking annoyed at Will. - 'He looks like a fucking loser who smells like... dog and death.' - He said it ironically, referencing to Will's job, in which deals with death everyday.

Hannibal finally reached his brother and touched carefully his shoulder. - 'Don't do this in front of *her*...'

Nigel stopped frowning and soon looked at the kitchen door. Abigail was there, looking at him, holding a napkin, terrified. Nigel noticed she managed to to do the magic trick he taught her by the way the napkin was folded. He immediately lowered his both hands, letting Will go. Will moved away immediately, gasping desperately and reached Abigail.

'Take Abigail to her place, Will... and go home.' - Said Hannibal, still looking at Nigel.

'B-but...' - Will, still panting, tried to contest, he didn't want to leave Hannibal alone with that guy.

'It's all right. Just go, please.'

Will took a deep breath a few times and then took the girl's hand, pulling her out of the house.

'Come on, Abigail...'

Abigail followed Will, confused and a bit shocked, and then they both left the house.

Hannibal turned back to his brother.

'You know you would be leaving tomorrow... and you would never see Abigail again... And *this* is what you do?'

The man just stood still, staring at the wall.

'She must hate me now...' - Nigel said, with a slight regret in his voice.

'Worse than that... she's afraid of you.'

Nigel laughed at himself, feeling an idiot, feeling a tightness in his chest.

'So what?' - He turned to his brother, who lowered his hand that was on his shoulder. - 'She will be better without me anyway.' - And simply shrugged, trying to look nonchalant.

'This wasn't what I wanted for you, Nigel.'

Nigel got a bit confused.

'What did you want for me, huh?' - He asked, annoyed. - 'To be accepted by your *lovely friends*?' - He said ironically.

'I wanted them to change you.'

Nigel frowned.

'Change me? Like what? Become a better man? Leave my criminal life?' - He laughed slightly.

'To make you let *this* go, Nigel.' - *The past.* Hannibal said sincerely.

Nigel just raised an eyebrow, laughing again.

'Well, with Abigail I can relate it to it... but Will?'

Hannibal suddenly raised the corner of his mouth, giving a slight amused smile, making his brother more confused.

'Actually Will would be the one who would change you the most...' - The doctor took a step forward and reached Nigel's face, touching it gently with one of his hands, caressing his cheek. - 'I needed him to see you like this... possessive... angry... *dangerous.* But only him, not Abigail... that's why I asked you to stop.'

The other Lecter just stood there, looking at his brother's eyes, understanding nothing about what he was talking about, but he clearly saw his brother's gaze... the gaze of someone who knew exactly what he was doing and what was happening... almost like all of this was part of a *plan*.

'Did you want me to kill him?' - Nigel asked frowning even more.

'I wanted you to try.'

Chapter End Notes

If you liked, please, leave kudos and comment! They give me life ;3

# Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

PLEASE! READ CHAPTER 4 AGAIN! I'm so sorry to ask for this, but I had to change the last part of the previous chapter to fit with this one. (If you read chapter 4 after this date, just ignore this xD) I realized they wouldn't make sense while I was posting the current chapter... so I'm sorry. This fic is unbeta'ed so I beg your patience )x

Well, thanks everyone who is reading this anyway!

This is the last chapter, peeps! But hey, there is still an epilogue, so don't go yet xD

Warning: PORN! ;D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

## Chapter 5

Nigel was just staring at Hannibal, surprised and extremely confused.

'I thought he was your friend...'

'He is.' - Hannibal caressed Nigel's cheek again. - 'I just want what's best for him. Just like I just want what's best for you.'

Nigel laughed, getting angry for not understanding what exactly Hannibal intended with this.

'By letting your own brother to kill him? What a good friend you are...' - He said ironically.

'*To try* to kill him.' - Hannibal corrected.

Nigel frowned.

'Do you think I can't?'

'I think you can... Unless he tries to kill you as well.'

Nigel stopped. He finally got it. He connected all what he did during those weeks in Baltimore and how things turned out that way, and now he just realized that Hannibal was responsible for everything. Nigel laughed loudly, looking to the side, angry.

'You set this up, didn't you?' - He said, turning to look Hannibal again. - 'That's why you let me stay... that's why you seduced me in the first place...' - He grinned at himself. - 'I was so fool... I should have known that, you're my brother, for fuck' sake...' - He sighed frustrated but continued to speak. - 'You wanted a confrontation between me and him... you knew he would never do anything if he just saw me passive... so you just *let things happen*, right?' - Nigel tightened the grip of the broken glass he was still holding. - 'Do you want him to kill me? That's your way to make me *let this go,* Hannibal?' - He asked ironically and quite upset.

'I don't want anyone to die, Nigel. I just want you to surrender... and him to win.' - Hannibal said infuriatingly nonchalant.

Nigel spent time in silence, biting his jaw in anger.

'Looks like I'm not the only one you want to change, right?' - The gangster said. - 'You want to change him too...' - He then laughed lightly. - 'Oh of course you do...'

Hannibal smiled amused.

'He'll be back soon by the way.'

That left Nigel extremely angry, even though it was his dear brother Hannibal, and then he just grabbed the doctor's hand that was caressing his face and put that away, approaching the broken glass on his brother's throat, turning him and making him lean against the same wall Will was a minute ago, approaching his own face, close enough to feel the breath of each other. Hannibal just tilted his head slightly, without caring much about the impending danger.

'If you think I'm going to stand here waiting for him to come back... you're wrong.' - The tip of the glass just lightly touched the doctor' skin. - 'Maybe I should help you, huh?' - He said, ironically and angry. - 'Making him become angrier with me... by doing this to you...' - Nigel just pressed the glass on the skin of Hannibal's neck, cutting it only on the surface, being enough for the blood to leak. Hannibal didn't even react, he even seemed pleased with that. Nigel smiled, pleased as well. - 'And this too...' - He brought the glass to Hannibal's mouth, pressing it against his the lower lip, breaking the skin and soon bleeded. A drop trickled away, forming a red line in the middle of Hannibal's chin, drop falling and smearing his fine suit. Nigel felt so pleased with that... - 'Do you know who else will be changed tonight?' - Nigel parted his lips and took a deep breath through them, leading his mouth to his brother's chin and simply licked the blood that flowed there, from the bottom up until he reached his brother's lips. Hannibal parted his lips by the touch, breathing deeply. - 'You and your whole body...' - Nigel whispered, leaning slightly their lips together, getting an audible sigh from his brother. Nigel then simply slid his tongue inside his brother's mouth, sealing their lips, closing his eyes, taking his free hand to his brother's hair, grabbing it. Hannibal immediately closed his eyes as well, moaning through his throat, thrusting his tongue into Nigel's mouth too, returning the kiss. Nigel deepened the kiss and slowly sucked the doctor's tongue, he then moved away briefly just to breathe, and then immediately returned to kiss him again, this time with a longer and brash kiss. Their lips and tongues moved wisely, while their faces moved from one side to the other without themselves realizing it. He then threw the glass on the floor and just grabbed Hannibal crotch, making the doctor twitch his whole

body. Hannibal moved his face away, leaning his head back on the wall behind him, groaning a hoarse sound with his mouth, eyes still closed, frowning slightly. This gave chills in Nigel and then he took his mouth to Hannibal's neck side and just bit him. Hard.

'Nghh...' - Hannibal forced his teeth against each other inside his mouth, feeling the impending pain in his neck, arching his back against the wall, feeling his skin burning.

Nigel pulled his face lightly just to look at the wound. He smiled amused when he saw the mark. There were small cuts made by his sharper teeth, making small drops of blood out of them, the color varied from red and purple over the skin. Probably it would take a few days to disappear. He came over and licked the blood.

'I will mark you whole...' - Nigel whispered, touching his lips to the abused skin. - '... for him to see...' - He brought his lips to Hannibal's jaw as the hand that was in the area between his brother's legs stroked the area again, making the doctor grab with his both hands Nigel's hair, sweetly moaning as he arched his back against the wall. - '...that you will always be mine.' - He then turned to kiss Hannibal's mouth again, moving his both hands to his brother' suit, starting to unbutton it quickly.

Nigel then pulled the suit away and then his brother' shirt, leaving him shirtless, throwing such pieces on the floor and grabbed both of the doctor's wrists, raising them above Hannibal's head, pressing them against the wall, locking them there, then he kissed him again, passionately. Nigel bucked his hip forward, touching in the same region of the doctor. Hannibal groaned at once, frowning by the burning sensation between his legs, doing the same with his hip in response. Nigel pulled his face away, panting, and watched Hannibal through his half-closed eyes, who were in the same way. Nigel began rubbing his pelvis slowly in a circular motion against Hannibal. The doctor groaned hungrily, feeling the insides of his own pants get wet by the precum that leaked from his cock, he closed his eyes tightly and took his head back again, feeling chills throughout the body. He was so painfully hard... Nigel then bit his brother' shoulder strongly, making him whimper.

Impatiently, Nigel unbuckled his brother's belt, then unzipped his pants and lowered his lower clothes, letting them fall to the doctor's ankles. Meanwhile, Hannibal kept his arms obediently above his head against the wall, trying to grab the wall itself. The gangster turned to kiss his brother again, grabbing his bare hip as he brought his other hand to Hannibal's cock, grabbing it. Hannibal responded immediately, releasing a sound down his throat, bucking his hip forward, to deepen the touch. Nigel started moving his hand up and down, slowly jerking Hannibal a few times, and turned his face away, catching his breath. He stared at Hannibal for a time while jerking him off painfully slow. The doctor was with eyes closed, breathing poorly through his mouth, letting escape soft moans every time Nigel moved his hand. When the doctor started trying to thrust, Nigel pulled away, taking a few steps back, making Hannibal miss that hand on his cock, making him to open his eyes. Nigel just wanted to enjoy the scene. - Hannibal against the wall, his face flushed, panting, with hooded eyes, almost completely naked, only wearing his shoes and trousers fallen at his feet, with his arms stretched above his head, with his hard cock leaking and twitching, his bruised neck and mouth and his expression was from someone begging to be touched. What a beautiful scene. - Nigel couldn't resist... who would, right? He just came back, grabbed Hannibal's hair and intensely kissed him again. Hannibal returned the kiss moaning grateful. Their tongues were

abusing one another as a struggle. Impatient, Nigel broke the kiss, and took his brother to the end of the counter, and he just threw all the dessert plates on the floor, making a mess in the kitchen with broken dishes and destroyed desserts on the floor. He then buried Hannibal's head over the counter in order to leave Hannibal bent on it, with his chest pressed against it, leaving his back and ass exposed. Hannibal whimpered when his face slammed against the hard surface of the counter. Nigel sucked three of his fingers to lubricate them and simply took them to his brother tight hole, grabbing one of his butt cheeks to expose the little pink entrace. Nigel stuck a finger into that, earning a grunt of brother, who tensed his whole body with the sudden intrusion, but soon relaxed when Nigel reached his prostate, sending a shock of pleasure throughout his body.

'Ah! Nigel...!' - Hannibal groaned, closing his eyes, gripping the edges of the counter, one on each side, trying to stand still.

Nigel thrusted his finger a few times and then felt he could put a second one, and then he did. Nigel began to move two fingers, bending over Hannibal, leading his mouth on his neck, giving him a sweet kiss there and then simply bit him. Hannibal's body tensed for the pain, but soon the stimulus in his lower part stood out, filling him of pleasure, making him buck his hips in response. Nigel then stuck his third finger, earning a whimper from his brother. Nigel thrusted a few times, each time reaching deeper inside him, fucking his entrance eagerly, with Hannibal following the moves. When Hannibal cried out erotically loud, Nigel pulled his fingers out of him and then took a condom from his pockets - he always carried some - and left it on the counter, next to his brother, and then undid his belt, undid the zipper of his pants and he didn't even bother and take the pieces away, he just lowered them enough to free his hard cock. He took the condom and put it, and then stood behind Hannibal, grabbing his hips with both hands and touched the tip of his cock between the doctor's ass cheeks. Hannibal twitched his body. Nigel then rubbed his thing there a few times before penetrating him. He then put a hand to his cock and placed the tip on that entrance, and slowly, Nigel moved his hip forward, making him to enter in Hannibal slowly. The feeling itself could make him come just right there... but Nigel stood still and finally burried everything. Hannibal almost lost his leg strength at that time, shaking slightly, opening his mouth in a silent scream, closing his eyes as he tried not to pass out by the sensation. A very good one.

'Ugh... fuck... you feel so good...' - Nigel gasped, closing his eyes, clutching his hands on Hannibal's hips harder as he felt that warm, tight entrance to welcome him.

Nigel began to thrust it slowly at first but Hannibal just started to move his hip on its own, a bit faster than Nigel's movements, thirsting for him. It just did Nigel began to thrust with strength and will, making Hannibal whimper at every thrust. Hannibal immediately reached for his penis, which had a small friction on the edge of the counter, but Nigel took both of his brother's wrists and held them over his back. - 'You won't touch yourself. This is your punishment.' - Hannibal complained, trying powerless to free his hands from Nigel, but soon the gangster began to thrust quickly, reaching the right spot, over and over again, driving Hannibal crazy. After a few minutes Nigel felt Hannibal clench tightly, feeling that he wouldn't last long. He then embraced his brother, making him get up from the counter, bringing his back close to his chest. He gently pressed his lips to his brother's cheek, when Hannibal rested the back of his head on his shoulder, giving him a sweet kiss on the cheek.

Hannibal slightly opened his eyes, leaving them half-closed, wonderfully panting while moving the whole body, following Nigel's movements and looked at him. Nigel was also panting, looking so *in love* at Hannibal. He caressed Hannibal's face gently and kissed him on the mouth. Hannibal kissed him back, raising his arm, putting his hand to the back of Nigel's head, stroking his hair, both closing their eyes. The kiss was the edge for them. Hannibal came first, moving his face away as he moaned deliciously and loudly through his mouth, resting his head deeper in his brother' shoulder, slightly frowning while closed his eyes, arching his back against his brother's body, tightening the grip on Nigel's hair as his release painted the counter in front of him. Nigel came right after, hugging his brother tighter, bringing him even closer, burying his face in his shoulder, tightly closing his eyes, groaning fiercely between his mouth and his brother' skin, bucking his hips brutally a few more times before stopping.

Both stopped moving and stood there, holding each other, just listening to the heavy breathing of each other. Nigel caressed his brother's head and kissed his cheek sweetly.

'I doesn't matter what will happen... or which path, you and I, will follow... but for me, dear brother... you'll always be mine, only mine.' - Nigel said, whispering softly as his lips touched slightly his brother's face.

Hannibal lowered his arm but continued with his hand on his brother, gently stroking his face. He had no strength to answer... but at that moment, it didn't matter... because they accepted each other the way they were... they both *surrendered*.

-x-

A few hours later, Will returned to Hannibal's house, just like the doctor had predicted. At the time the door was opened, Will stopped surprised when he saw Hannibal on the other side.

'Oh my God, what happened to you?' - He asked impulsively, worried, noticing the therapist's bruises.

'It's nothing, Will, don't worry, I'm fine.' - Said the doctor, taking a step back for Will to enter.

Will entered and stood behind the doctor as he closed the door. But stood with his back at Will even after he closed the door, trying to straighten the suit, as if trying to cover something.

'Hannibal... look at me... just let me...' - Will lightly touched his shoulder, and it made him throb lightly because of the bruise on his shoulder, making Will take a slight scare and put away his hand immediately.

'I-I'm sorry...' - Will said, hesitant.

'I'm sorry, Will... I didnt mean to...' - Said the doctor, turning to him. - 'It's just hurting a little...'

Will frowned. He then led his eyes to the doctor's mouth and noticed a cut there, then to his neck and saw another cut and two bruises. The profiler soon felt the anger begin to flow in him and turned to look at his therapist's eyes again. - 'It was Nigel, wasn't it?'

Hannibal sighed and nodded. Will felt something inside his chest at that time, which made him bite his jaw.

'It's okay, Will. It's not the first time Nigel does this...' - Hannibal said, noticing the flighty Will's anger at that time.

'He thinks he can get out punishing anyone who doesn't follow his rules, doesn't he?' - Will laughed, looking to the side, angry with the gangster. - 'Where is he?' - Will asked firmly, turning to look Hannibal.

'What will you do when you find him?'

Will hesitated a bit.

'Just... just talk to him... make him understand...'

'You know there's no conversation with him... Violence is what he understands, Will.' - *And something else.*

Will took a deep breath, clutching his fist.

'Well, maybe I should talk to him in his own way then...'

Hannibal captured a slight evil mind in that look. Something inside Will that just showed itself a little to Hannibal, and this certainly made him very, very amused. It would have been wonderful to see Will talking to Nigel in that way... but just Will's intentions was enough at that moment... for now.

'He already left.'

Will blinked a few times, frowning again.

'What? Wouldn't it be tomorrow?'

'Yes...' - Hannibal took a deep breath and took something out of his suit pocket. - 'But he just decided to go... so I let him go.'

Will got lost a bit, questioning what was the situation between Hannibal and Nigel now... Were they still together? Were they not? Will sighed puzzled. The doctor then took out Will glasses from his pocket, the glasses that had fallen on the kitchen floor in the previous incident.

'Oh... I thought it was broken...' - Will said, surprised to see that his glasses were whole, with only a few scratches.

'The lens luckily didn't break, just a part of the frame, but I fixed it for you.' - Lecter that, smiling gently.

'You fixed it? Oh... uhm... thanks...' - Will said, quite impressed, smiling back, feeling all his discomfort about Nigel to go away.

'May I?' - Hannibal asked, showing the glasses, as if asking for permission to put the glasses on Will's face.

Will blushed slightly his face, but gave a small smile and nodded shyly. The doctor smiled and took another step closer to Will, making the profiler to breath deeply, and then he placed the glasses in front of Will's face and put it on him carefully. After that, Hannibal simply adjusted Will's curls behind his ears, stroking them lightly with his fingertips. Will shuddered and quietly parted his lips, sighing. Hannibal stood there for a few seconds, hands still on Will's ears, and then he just smiled at him. Will blushed even more, but he didn't look away, he continued staring intently at him and smiled back. Hannibal led his gaze to the profiler's mouth and it made the smaller man shiver, making him timidly, and at the same time boldly, lick his lower lip... as if asking for a kiss... *It would be wonderful to taste it. But not yet.* Hannibal then turned to look at Will's blue eyes again, and smiled gently at him, taking off his hands from the profiler, taking a step back. Will just took a deep breath through his mouth, blinking a few times, coming back to himself, a little disappointed, trying not to look like he was feeling kinda... hot. The profiler only cleared his throat and looked away, rubbing his neck.

'Th-thank you...'

'My pleasure.'

'Well, uhm...' - Will wanted to stay... of course he wanted to stay... but at the same time he wanted to just run away from there. - 'It's 2:30 AM so I think it's kind of late...' - Will chuckled lightly, Hannibal did the same. - 'I won't take more of your time, I just wanted to know if you were okay...'

'I thank you profoundly, Will. Your concern is lovely.'

Will chuckled and went to the door again. Hannibal opened and both looked at each other for the last time.

'Good night then. See you tomorrow?'- Will asked.

'Absolutely. Good night, Will.'

They smiled at each other and Will left the house, going to his car. Hannibal closed the door and turned to walk into his house with an amused smile on his face... *The devil's smile*.

Chapter End Notes

That's it, the end! Well, the epilogue will be posted tomorrow night! See ya!

Please, leave kudos and comment if you want to say something, don't hesitate :3

# Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

> Hey! So this is the end... the official last chapter. I apologize if this story looked like it got a bit lost midway, especially chapters 4 and 5, because I rewrote them so many times, like SO many, you have no idea x_x And the chapters I posted were the versions of those chapters that I decided to post (I still have a bunch of drafts of them omg) So I hope this epilogue (more like a chapter 6/final chapter idk xD) still makes sense for you, can explain everything and be satisfying for you. And I have told that I would post it daily, but in the end I couldn't fulfill this because of my work (the schedule is very unstable, just like Will Dx) so I'm so so sorry ): Well then... here we go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

## Final Chapter

Hannibal always enjoyed poking people's minds, and if any of them were prone to murder, of course he would want to make them kill. And Will was one of them. But Will was much more than just a person with a high level of empathy conducive to commit high levels of violence... Will could understand everything... he could even understand the complex and evil mind of Hannibal entirely. And that would be the heaven for Hannibal... to have someone who saw him and understood him completely. This never happened to him, even with Nigel, so the idea of finally having an equal beside him was very appealing. But of course Will would have to be prepared for it... he wasn't ready yet. His inner monster would have to be woken up carefully, with patience and effort, and Hannibal was willing to do that. So the doctor just started poking in Will's mind, trying to discreetly bring this monster to the surface.

That's when Nigel came, and Hannibal saw a great opportunity to help him with this.

Nigel was easy to manipulate, so it would be easy to make him want to kill someone... and the one Hannibal wanted to make him want to kill was none other than Will Graham himself. But he didn't want Will dead, of course. He wanted Will to understand Nigel. Will's violence was mainly motivated by a tremendous sense of righteousness, and if he saw Nigel being possessive and abusive to Hannibal... it certainly would trigger this feeling, and maybe Will would want to stop Nigel. But Will would first have to know Nigel could be stopped indeed. And for that Will needed to see Nigel completely... the all sides of him... gentle, possessive, playful, abusive, sweet, violent, funny, *dangerous*. That's why Hannibal invited Abigail to that dinner... for Will to see all sides of Nigel. *If he could be stopped, why not stop him?* But Abigail didn't need to see the whole thing, so when Nigel finally attacked Will, Hannibal made him to stop to take Abigail out of the scene. It was almost like a short break during a show, for everyone to recharge their energies to end the performance in a glorious

way. Hannibal was very curious to know what they would do... what Will would do if Nigel tried to kill him. Would he try to escape? Would he try to protect himself? *Or would he try to kill Nigel as well?*

If this were a play, Hannibal would want to sit in the front row to watch it closely.

Will returned to the *stage*... but Nigel didn't.

If in the past it was Hannibal who left Nigel behind... this time it was Nigel who left Hannibal. By his own decision. He realized that everything he did in his life, after Mischa's death, was *for* his brother... and *because* of him. He went to the mental hospital because of Hannibal... he went to Bucharest because of Hannibal to stay away from him... and everything after that was, directly or indirectly, because of him. His whole life was devoted to this connection from the past that he always refused to end. And he knew he put himself in that situation... he played with the *devil* after all... and he would have to pay one day. Hannibal's game was always the same: give something, let it engage and then take it back when it was convenient for him. Nigel knew that, and yet he left himself to be trapped by this "game". This made Nigel blind... and when he returned to see... it was too late, he already had been fooled. But thanks to that he finally realized what he was to Hannibal...

'A product made of a set of influences. Your influences.' - Nigel said, as he put a bandage over the wound on the shoulder of Hannibal, which was made by him, while they were both sitting over the bed after taking bath, after their *moment* in the kitchen. - 'That's how you see me...'

'That's how you let yourself to be, Nigel. And you still can change that.'

Nigel laughed, just putting the bandage.

'You don't need to do that anymore. You've already won, Hannibal... *Will* have already won.'

Hannibal just tilted his head slightly to the side, looking at Nigel at his side, getting slightly curious.

'Why do you think that?'

'Well, first...' - Nigel said, sighing, picking up another bandage to cover the wound in Hannibal's neck. - 'I'm not going to stay here and wait for Will to come back and give you the spectacle of blood that you are expecting to see...' - He soon approached the bandage on his brother's neck, but Hannibal just shook his head. Nigel rolled his eyes and went back to keep the first aid kit. Hannibal just wanted Will to see him that bruised. - 'Which means I won't follow your influence this time... but also means ironically that I'm trying to change myself, just like you wanted...' - Nigel closed the kit and went to look at his brother. - 'So it's already a win win for you.'

Hannibal smiled quietly, almost imperceptibly, being amused by it.

'And second?' - He asked curiously.

Nigel got out of bed and took a deep breath, taking his navy blue blazer, wearing it. Only this time Hannibal realized that Nigel was wearing the same Armani suit when he met him in his office. The gangster stopped a moment, put his hands in his pockets and turned back to his brother.

'Second... Will is in love with you.'

Hannibal slightly parted his lips. He didn't seem too affected from the outside, but inside it made his heart bump. Nigel saw his brother's reaction and laughed, looking to the side.

'So you really didn't know that...' - Nigel continued laughing and turned back to Hannibal. - 'I promised to him that I wouldn't tell you... but it doesn't matter anymore.'

'Did he tell you?'

'Not exactly. But I have my methods.'

Hannibal spent time there, sitting on the bed, just processing all of this. Every moment he spent with Will suddenly crossed his mind, trying to see what he left to go unnoticed... he knew Will blushed easily, but he did this with everyone due to his social issues.

'If you are doubting at me... just try to kiss him, you'll see.' - Nigel then simply turned to leave the room.

'Nigel, wait...'

Nigel stopped and turned, looking back at his brother. Hannibal got out of bed and stood in front of his brother.

'Are you really going?'

'I am. I finished what I had to do here so... there is no reason to stay.' - He just shrugged his shoulders.

Hannibal then just nodded. He had no reason to ask for him to stay anyway... not anymore.

'You were always right...' - Nigel said. - 'One day... this would be *inevitable*.'

Hannibal looked at his brother, remembering when he said this to him when they were teenagers... that one day someone would *steal* him from Nigel... and that day has come when Hannibal met Will. The doctor just smiled slightly. Nigel smiled back. A warm smile, both sincere, without bad intentions behind it... just a simple smile from *brother to brother*.

Nigel left the house. There was a car waiting for him outside. Hannibal returned to his room and put the first aid kit in the drawer, thinking about what Nigel said.

After a few minutes the bell rang. The doctor then smiled to himself and went to answer the door. He knew who it was.

-x-

## Epilogue

Nigel was drinking his usual coffee at his favorite coffee shop that morning when he stopped drinking by seeing a news in that American newspaper he was reading.

*"Murder Husbands last spotted in Italy! Their current whereabouts is unkown."*

He still had the cup in his mouth, reading the news and seeing a picture of his brother there... and Will Graham's.

'Hum.' - He laughed lightly, putting the cup back on the table.

'What are you smiling at?' - Asked a lady who had just approached the table.

Nigel looked at the beautiful short red-haired lady over the newspaper and smiled.

'Thinking about you.' - Nigel said sweetly.

The woman laughed rolling her eyes.

'Liar.' - She said, sitting in the chair across the small round table where Nigel was.

'Oh you know me so well, Gabi.' - Nigel said laughing back, picking up the cup again to take another sip of coffee.

'Of course I do. I'm your wife.' - She chuckled and took the coffee she was drinking before leaving the table to talk to the owner of the place, who was a friend of her family.

Nigel smiled and went back to reading the newspaper. Luckily for him, American newspapers were not very popular in Bucharest, so he wouldn't have many problems trying to explain that he wasn't Hannibal Lecter.

'What are you reading?' - Asked Gabi, after taking a sip of the drink.

'Nothing important...' - Nigel closed the newspaper and put it aside, turning to look at his beautiful wife and held her hand that was on the table. She smiled warmly to him. - 'You're more important.'

-x-

Bucharest nights were calm on the streets... but they were very bustling in the alleys and night clubs of the city. Of course, bustling nights were a great opportunity for business.

'1.5 million dollars. That's how much they are willing to pay.' - Said one of the men sitting on the couch of that private room from that night club, that smelled of cigar and alcohol.

'If they don't pay more, we won't close the deal.' - Nigel said with a cigarette in his mouth, as he threw a card on the small table in the center.

Someone just knocked on the door. Nigel sighed, getting impatient. After all, he was in a "business meeting" and he had already said he didn't want to be interrupted.

'Nigel...' - Said Darko, his partner of the night club and also his friend, opening the door.

'I already told you, Darko, not to come here... I'm busy.' - *By playing poker and drinking.*

'There is someone wanting to talk to you...'

'It's Gabi?'

'No... it's a man...'

'So send him to fuck off.' - Nigel just took the bottle of beer and took to his mouth, taking a sip.

'I would... if he didn't look just like you.'

Nigel just stopped, with the bottle still in his mouth. He then looked at Darko, intrigued. Darko just raised his eyebrows, waiting Nigel go talk to the damn man.

'Well, excuse me, gentlemen...' - Nigel stood. - 'Darko will take my turn.'

Darko entered the room and Nigel went to another room, in his own office, which seemed to be more like a fancy motel room. Nigel entered the room and came across two silhouettes, their backs to him, two men both looking at the pictures pinned to the wall. Nigel stopped instantly. *Oh he knew who they were...*

'Beautiful, isn't she?' - Nigel said, closing the door, referring to the pictures on the wall, where there were several pictures of Gabi and him.

'She is.' - Said one of them, still looking at the picture, his hands in his pocket.

'My wife.' - Said the gangster, approaching the two.

They then finally turned, mirroring each other, synchronized, facing Nigel.

'You really changed.' - The man on the left said, with a slight smile on his face amused. - 'Hello, Nigel.'

Nigel lifted the corner of his mouth to see that familiar face again.

'Hello, Hannibal.' - He answered, then he looked at the man on the right. - 'Hello, Will.'

Will nodded his head, in response, smiling the same way. Nigel looked back at his brother.

'He really accepted you after all.' - Nigel said, remembering when Hannibal said that Will would accept him when he was read ... and there he was. Hannibal just smiled at that.

'We need your help, Nigel.' - Will said, going *straight to the point*.

'Let me guess...' - Nigel said laughing, starting to walk around them. - 'You need a place to stay...?'

'Yes. *Just for a few weeks*.' - Hannibal said, amused by that similar scene from when Nigel went to him years ago... but in reverse now.

Nigel laughed again. *Oh this is so funny.* He thought.

'So the Murder Husbands want Romanian meat, huh?' - He said wryly.

'Would you join the table?' - Will asked, also ironically. It had double meaning... or Nigel would join them to eat with them... or he was who would be eaten.

'You could help with the menu if you want.' - Said Hannibal amused, practically offering to kill someone for Nigel.

Nigel laughed out loud this time and turned.

'Oh, you really deserve each other...' - He then went to the door, opened it again, left the room and stood outside, turning to look at them. - 'Please follow me.'

Hannibal and Will looked at each other, suspiciously, but soon followed Nigel. For a moment they thought Nigel would drive them out of that place, but they soon stopped on a balcony, in the second floor, where it was possible to see the entire club. Nigel took some steps forward, stopping in front of the grid, and then turned back to the Murder Husbands and opened his arms, as if to show the place behind him. The two men looked behind him. The music was loud, there was smell of alcohol, tobacco and several other suspicious things all over the place, people kissing each other, strippers doing shows everywhere, people dancing, fighting, drinking, smoking... all of that belonged to Nigel... this was the kingdom that he was the king. Will and Hannibal looked at each other again, Will raised an eyebrow and Hannibal twisted his mouth a bit. Then they looked back at Nigel... The man just grinned amused and finally said:

'Welcome to Bucharest, gentlemen.'

-The End-

Chapter End Notes

Did you hate it? x_x If you did, I'm so sorry, I really tried to connect to the previous chapter, selling the whole story. The thing is that, as I said, I rewrote chapter 5 so many times, and the part of Hannibal and Nigel doing the thing, was supposed to be brutal, almost like a raping scene, like Nigel spanking Hannibal, hurting him so much more than the one that was posted... but this made me sick while writing it, I felt so bad I just had to stop, so I'm sorry if it looked a bit foreigner from the way the scene was going. I hope I managed to be clear about Hannibal's intentions during the whole story and the way Nigel and Hannibal's relationship ended. Actually I see this as a new start for them, to be able to be real brothers for each other from now on.

I hope this was a satisfying end for you all! And thank you so much for everyone who read this, left kudos or commented! This really makes me happy *-*

If you have something to say (good or bad, really) don't hesitate to comment! The feedback is so important to me! See ya in another fic soon (or maybe not idk xD)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!